

# THE WAR CRY



OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

International Headquarters:  
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

William Booth, Founder.

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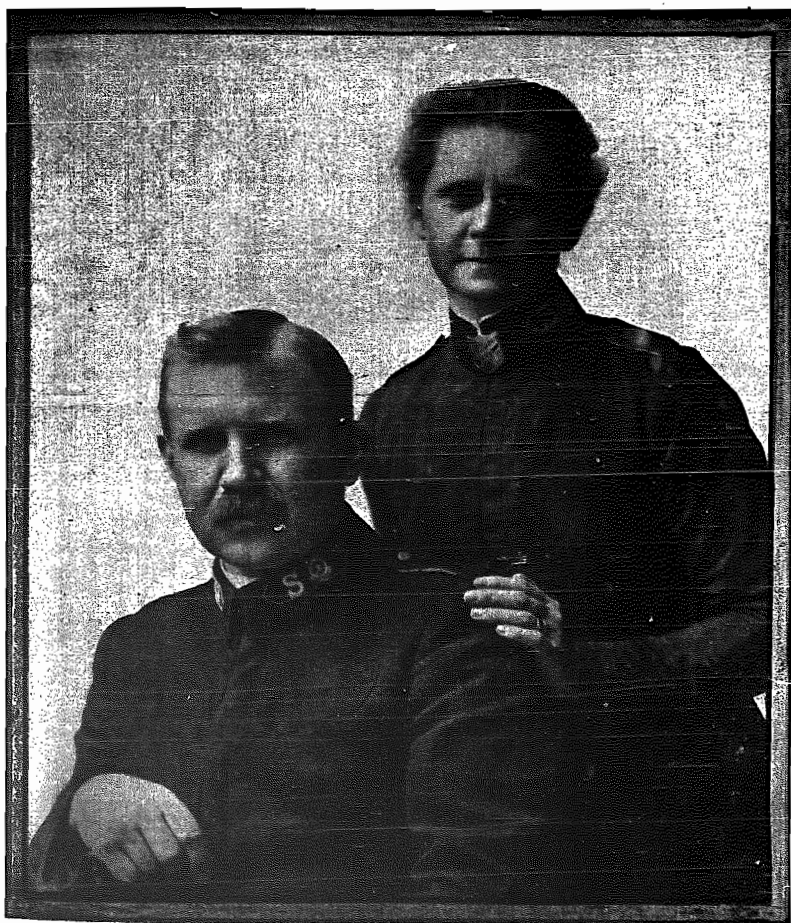
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COLONEL AND MRS. McMILLAN

The Newly Appointed Chief Secretary and Wife for Canada East

ONE of the most prominent and regrettable features of the present day is the craze for excitement and worldly pleasure. This craze is only another name for the spirit of the world, as against the Spirit of God.

#### Are Pleasures Wrong?

Some one may ask, "Are pleasures wrong?" The answer is "No! If you get the right kind from the right source." God has made us capable of the most exquisite pleasures and delights, but worldly pleasure is a most disappointing draught—it is bad from every point of view. Look at the man who is a slave to his pleasures and the means to gratify them have never been God-fetters. Look at it in the light of history. Think of Rome, mistress of the world, and yet pleasure was her ruin. No outward force destroyed her. She herself "wined" the shaft that quivered in her heart.

Look at it in the individual life. There is the late Dr. Guinness' story of the student from the London Hospital who was called out one night to visit a music hall, got into bad company, and fell so low as never to lift his head again. When he woke next morning he was falling to the snare, and realized how low he had fallen, how he had stained his own manhood, and sunk the reputation of his dear old father and mother. It was too much for him. A brief letter to his mother pleading for forgiveness, which broke her heart and a revolution in his drab-coated hand, was a sad finish to so-called pleasure.

#### Excuses

Men find time for pleasure who can't find time to pay God what they owe Him. They forget that "man's end" is to glorify God. They have heard of the church member who, in reply to his minister's inquiry why he did not come to the church prayer meeting, said, "I have no time for church," and was re-

minded that he had been seen standing for hours in a queue outside a door waiting admission to see "The light that failed."

"Room for pleasure—room for business," and "Room and time now give to Jesus," or our dear old General's song: "At last he found time to die," make fitting commentary.

#### Happiness

It is said that a famous London music-hall favourite, whose reputed salary was \$2,000 per week, on being asked "What is the secret of your happiness?" replied, "Happiness! I don't know what it means." He met his death, shot by his own father, in a dispute over money.

God is the only source of real, lasting joy. Many seek it elsewhere, because they have such poor conceptions of the joy that comes from Him. They will be likened to the poor country lad who, after seeing a pond with a palisade round it, said he had never seen a fish but once, and it was fenced in.

Can you picture the mighty Atlantic dashing its waves against the rocks, fenced in? The rugged rocks, the "Christened" joy are like the lad's fenced-in sea.

#### What Is the Remedy

God's people are not always free from the joys of this world. They have a clearer conception of Jesus Christ, and the joy in His service, other than what they see in life and in it. It is for us to make our lives and our service to the Master attractions greater than anything the world has to offer. The truest and noblest aspect of the case deserving of consideration. The line of demarcation between God's people and the world ought to be clearer—better defined than it is at times.

#### THE WEEK'S BEST STORY

##### SELECTED FROM THE ARMY'S PRESS

### THE AFGHAN'S WHITE WIFE

A STORY FROM THE BACK-BLOCKS OF AUSTRALIA

"[W]as visiting a Corps hundreds of miles from the centre," said a Divisional Officer's wife, "a couple of lassies were in charge—splendid girls, who were doing a noble work."

"Before you go," said the Captain, "you must meet Mrs. Ibrahim."

"Mrs. Ibrahim lived in the Afghan camp a short distance out of the town. She was the only white woman there, and for years had no communication with any other. The Captain and Lieutenant, however, had commenced open-air meetings in the camp, and Mrs. Ibrahim had reached them that a white woman, who was married to one of the Afghans, lay dangerously ill."

"The Captain immediately visited her, and, to the surprise of all, was allowed entrance. She found the sick woman and her infant sadly in need of a woman's care and attention. Day passed without the Officer going to the camp and ministering to the needs of the young mother and her children."

"It was only the dire need of his wife that brought Ibrahim to the point of allowing a white woman to visit her, and he never permitted her to do so for the rest of his confidences and long talks were out of the question. The Captain could

only drop a few words now and then, in the course of her ministrations, and he prayed for the white-faced girl in her sad surroundings."

"But one day, Mrs. Ibrahim's condition being rapidly prostrated, the doctor spoke bluntly to her husband. 'Your wife needs some fresh air and exercise. A walk this weather would do her the world of good. The best thing you can do is to let The Army Captain take her for a little walk every day; she knows how to look after her.'"

"The chief of the camp or 'head man' (as he was called), was furious when he heard of the arrangement; but Ibrahim, who was really fond of his wife, and concerned about her health, gave the required permission. So Mrs. Ibrahim and the Captain took long walks together, and became great friends. So it was that a delicate woman had told the Officer all her story."

"She had married the Afghan man, and for twelve months, though only a young girl, she had refused to have anything to do with him. Then he had enlisted her mother's help."

"One day the mother called the daughter to her and reminded her of their poverty. The Afghan was not

poor. He had given the mother a sum of money, and promised her a weekly allowance conditional on her marrying him. The mother did not hesitate to sacrifice her girl; and Elsie went and yielded."

"She was a young woman, with a family of small children under her, but her spirit was broken and her health was gone."

"She had never believed the Mohammedan ideal, though the Chief had spent hours with her, arguing and expounding: 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet.'"

"The girl, who was yielding, was sin, was Elsie, could not so far forget her Sunday School teaching as to turn to another faith, so she ignored religion entirely, and lived for her children."

"But now life took on a different colour; she began to see it through the Captain's magic glasses. The girl, who was so dreary, unchangeable, friend and brought her weary heart to him. After that the woman was transformed."

"One time, even the old chief became reconciled to Mrs. Ibrahim's conversion."

"Let her go her own way," he said to her husband; after every attempt to turn her had failed. 'After all, she is not one of us. Only watch the children.'"

"For two years, after her conversion, she was proceeding on a visit to her mother, and came to Middleton to catch the boat. She called on me to help her with her shopping, and necessary shopping for the little ones. She had been living on the outskirts of civilization for so long

way, do God's will, and stay when He wants you to stop, if you want happiness here and Heaven hereafter."

It is Christ Himself we need. Walk with Him, and you will have definite lasting peace in your soul under all circumstances. Even in days of sorrow and anxiety, when clouds hang low, you will have something better than anything the world can give you.

#### The Things That Matter

My own personal experience and that of other men who take long looks into life, have shown broad conceptions of life, less than a life of living close to Jesus Christ, striving for 'the substance, not for the shadow,' and bearing life's burdens as best we can for the sake of the things that matter—the things that will count in the eternal reckoning.

Oh, if I may here be allowed to express a personal wish to you, my comrades, on this all-important matter, I earnestly hope and pray that not only your own judgment will assent to the wisdom of such a course, but that you will follow it unflinchingly to the end, whatever price it may cost you, I will pay!

The things that some men need and tell their souls for, are little runs, some, bags of gold and ashes, without even the fragrance of memory to commend them to those who are left behind; and these things, worth nothing, as I have said, 'Let us live for something we can take with us when we have to go.' In the doing of it, we shall not only gain land, but we shall have our own hearts, but we may be the means of encouraging some faltering comrade, 'pulling hard against the wind' of which the world is full, and because of something about us or in us, he helped to struggle to till he reaches 'Harbour Home.'"

That will pay.

That will bless you! Begin to list from to-day for the 'things that count.'—David Wales, Brigadier.

THE earliest recollections of Colonel John McMillan, the new Chief Secretary for Canada East, are of the Army and Salvation Service. He was only eight years of age when his father became Officer, and shortly afterwards, he was duly installed as a "Little Soldier's Lieutenant."

#### EARLY SERVICE IN CANADA

The Colonel was born at Glasgow, Scotland, and converted at East Hartlepool. His Canadian service began at the Toronto Headquarters in 1888, his parents at that time being in charge of the Ontario Soldiers' Home, and was a member of the Household Troops Band. In the course of a few years he worked to the position of Private Secretary to the Territorial Commissioner, in which capacity—in 1895—he was transferred to Australia.

Three years later, he was appointed the Secretary for the Colony of South Australia, and later became Assistant Field Secretary for the whole of Australia and New Zealand, which were then united in one Territorial Command. He became the Head of the Australian Field Department, which position he has held for the last twelve years.

Mrs. Colonel McMillan is Australian-born, and has done excellent service in various capacities. Her native land was the Field Officer, Rescue Officer, Divisional Secretary, and Editor of "The Young Soldier." Later she has exercised an able supervision over the Home League in Australia, of which she was National Secretary. She was married to the Colonel in 1901.

During the twenty years that Colonel McMillan has spent in Australia he has seen the work of The Army go forward with astonishing rapidity. In his speaking about it, he grows enthusiastic. Some idea may be had of the responsibilities falling on the Field Secretary when we state that there are no less than 1,120 Corps and outposts in Australia. The settlements of the country have been to develop the country districts, making each Corps a centre from whence a number of Outposts can be worked. This is really the only way by which the scattered population of the immense backblock areas can be reached.

A few years ago Commissioner Hay set on foot a comprehensive scheme for the erection of small backblock Halls. These are built right in the bush, often in places where no other houses are in sight, and a visitor would wonder where the congregations come from. Whenever a Salvation Army officer visits the locality, however, and announces a meeting, the people drive in from miles around. A flourishing Junior Corps, with an attendance of from forty to fifty, is also to be found at some of these little places.

This work necessarily involves much travelling on the part of the Australian Field Officers, and oftentimes tests their resourcefulness. As many of the outposts are in the bush, and far from any railway, the Officers have to journey on foot, on horseback, by buggy, or cycle, as opportunity comes their way.

#### SAVING YOUNG AUSTRALIANS

Great steps forward have also been taken in developing the Young People's Work. Special Officers have been set apart to instruct the Young People. Local Officers are now using methods of teaching and training children; the Primary Department has been introduced, and in many of the Corps the Sand Tray is in operation as a means of training the original and young minds. A strong effort is now being made to provide a separate Hall for the Young People at as many Corps as possible.

A very unique and interesting work is the benefit of young people, which is done on the Children's Homes, of which there are seven for boys and eight for girls. About a thousand children are constantly under the Army's care in these institutions, which are organized to deal with the existing circumstances. In 1893 the Government

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### A Brief Biographical Sketch—Progress of The Army Work in Australia—The Voyage to Canada

of Victoria was faced with the undoubted fact that the methods in existence at the State Reformatory had a hardening effect upon the children, especially the boys, and offered as a remedy that by way of experiment, some of the most recalcitrant should be taken in hand by The Salvation Army. The offer was readily accepted, and twenty of the worst boys were placed in our charge. The result was in every way gratifying. The boys are educated and taught useful occupations, such as agriculture, printing, fruit culture, and baking. The girls are likewise instructed in domestic work, sewing, cooking, and other things that tend to make them useful to the community. Most of them turn out very well; numbers attaining to positions of trust and responsibility.

The Social Work has developed immensely of late years, alike in effectiveness, facilities, and scope. There are seventy institutions for men and women. The Metropole in Sydney, erected as a Memorial to the late General, is probably the largest of its kind in the world. It has accommodation for about seven hundred men. Owing to the fact, however, that the municipal authorities have required this building, a new Metropole is to be erected in the very heart of the city. It will be from eight to ten stories high, and will contain a separate room for every man who lodges in it; thus doing away with the old dormitory system. There is also a large William Booth Home for men at Melbourne, and the Melbourne Hospital has become one of the foremost institutions in the city.

A considerable Prison-Gate Work is also carried on by several Army Officers, who have been appointed as regular Prison Chaplains.

#### MINISTERING TO THE TROOPS

In Northern Queensland a good work is in progress amongst the Kanakas, the coolies from the South Sea Islands who work on sugar plantations. The settlements of the Kanakas have been to develop the country districts, making each Corps a centre from whence a number of Outposts can be worked. This is really the only way by which the scattered population of the immense backblock areas can be reached.

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**Bible Study on Prayer**  
**SUNDAY—Matthew 26:41; Mark 13:22; 14:37-38.**



Flashes From Niagara Camp

By G. L. P.

Ever since the inauguration of the summer's work among the boys in khaki the camp here has been in a continual state of change. Camp Borden has claimed a number of handstains, while several have gone overseas. Among the number that have sailed for the Old Land was the 16th. Quite a number of the men were invalids.

Bandmaster Graves, of this battalion, and others of the band will always be remembered for the splendid work they took. They were faithful to witness a good confession. We saw them entrain and committed them to God for safe-keeping.

The 12th have left us, with some good live Salvationists. Comrades Hamilton and Wellbroe are missed by us. They stood to their guns bravely, and always had a present, personal testimony.

The 23th Battalion is the latest acquisition to the camp. Quite a squad of Salvationists are among the boys. A number of them lost no time in presenting their introduction cards. Needless to say, they received a whole-hearted welcome. Brantford and Orilla Corps are well represented. We have to chronicle some stirring meetings during the coming weeks.

Camp life is full of interest. We cross the path of men of all classes and temperaments. Here are three types of class: "I have seven brothers on active service, and my wife has four in the navy. I had to be in the 1st sold out of my business, and here I am doing my bit," said M. He is a typical Britisher. No, he made no profession; he was one of many. His brother, a private, and my manly figure, stamped him out of the legion who, at duty's call, are willing to lay down their lives if needs be. An opportunity came to speak a few words of counsel, which left him to ponder over the larger and more vital question of his soul's need.

"We're off to-night, sir," I turned to the speaker. He was but a strapping of a lad. His battalion was leaving for the Old Land. We were soon in conversation. Yes, he used to frequent The Army in the days before Canada became his home. A few moments of heart-to-heart talk followed. He was a tragedy in his life. "You will write to your mother, won't you?" I said. "I don't got no mother, sir," he replied. "Did she killed her?" "Yes, she did." "Dad's drank, too. I have only two sisters. They came to Canada to get a start in life. They were good men. . . . Yes, it is hard graft in the lines, but I pray to God, and 'elps me.' I felt irresistibly drawn out to him, and he lay there, struggling to gain the ascendancy, amid the tides of evil which ever flow around him. With a clasp of his hand and a prayer we parted. Perhaps somewhere in France this young life may be claimed as part of the sad toll of Britain's price of freedom.

Nine years ago W— came to this country through our Immigration Department. Eight years ago this period has been spent in one

(Continued on Page 16)

THE HOME LEAGUE HOUSEHOLD WRINKLES

IN almost every paper or magazine one picks up nowadays there are advertisements urging its readers to use the most powerful and convincing manner to try and test the latest discovery—"A Cure for Wrinkles." Some declare that through its use wrinkles disappear "in a single night."

But we are not concerned about this, because if grey hairs are honourable, so are wrinkles. "Household Wrinkles" is our topic, and, having come, it is to be hoped they will not disappear as fast as golden in a night, but prove to be as useful and practical as to remain in our minds and homes always.

Whatever kind of household a woman runs, large or small, with a family few or many in number, there is no doubt as to her always finding her hands full with one thing and another, and any mortal thing that may lessen that labour, and relieve her heart and mind, in order that more attention can be given to the more important things, certainly ought to be passed on.

The Home League exists for the purpose of enabling women to help each other, and try in every possible way to lighten each other's burdens, and so cheer one another on the journey through life's problems and perplexities.

It is well represented in mind, the following "Wrinkles" have been gathered from many sources. Truly, they are a "mixture" and familiar to many already aware of them; nevertheless, it is affirmed that many have proved invaluable in saving precious time and labour, and, what is well represented, in saving many an over-wrought wife and mother.

Shall we call No. 1 a "Wrinkle" or a "Remedy"? Here are three: "I have a very important matter it is that long late curtains should be turned in and stitched down before they are used at all. It does not take much minutes when they are new, yet how few attend to this little matter, and, after one or two washings, sometimes nearly a quart of a yard of threads are hanging from the top. It looks bad, and every time they are washed it becomes worse, rendering the curtain most difficult to arrange and hang satisfactorily, and making the owner with anger and again that she had taken these steps in time, and we have saved endless confusion."

After using a scrubbing brush, place it with the bristles downward, and it will last longer and bristles keep in better. Wash with cold water. One pound of meat to a quart of cold water is the correct proportion to use in making soup. It should be allowed to simmer in the pot slowly and be well skimmed.

If the floor under the bed is covered with carpet, then lay over this a cover of this oleotho, which can be used to wash a damp cloth to remove the dust.

A Chapter on Stains

It is hard for even the housewife of large experience to remember exactly the simple agents for removing stains. Here is a list which will be found useful to hang in the hall.

Cure for Ulcerated Throat

Get an ounce of powdered sulphur from the chemist, place it in a jug, and pour on a quart of boiling water. Allow it to settle, and when clear, gargle the throat two or three times a day.

To Cure Sore Eyelid

Buy an eye-bath at a chemist's

and bathe the eye in salt and water. Quantity—one small teaspoon of salt to a pint of lukewarm water. Bathe the eye morning and evening. Tried, and found a perfect cure.

To Wash Silk Handkerchiefs

Make a warm lather with white cold soap, and squeeze a very little blue into it. Rinse in warm blue water, and roll up tightly in clean cloth, and dry in the sun, between the folds of linen. The iron must not be allowed to touch the silk, or the colour will be spoilt.

To Clean Tarnished Brass

A new and very satisfactory use for lemons is to cut them and rub tarnished brass. Rub and let juice remain on a short time, then remove with a damp cloth, and you will be pleased with the result so easily obtained.

A Cough Cure

An excellent cough cure, which will save many a doctor's bill, and which can be made at a very small cost. Procure a small black liquorice and half a pound of linseed (whole). Break the liquorice up into a saucerpan with a quart of water, and add the linseed, and let it boil until the liquorice is dissolved, then strain and sweeten to taste. Squeeze the juice of a lemon into it, and add a little sugar. Give the patient an egg-cupful before going to bed, and it will work wonders.

Miscellaneous

A few drops of oil of lavender put into a basin of hot water will give a pleasant perfume to a room, and rid it of flies and mosquitoes.

Wipe the grease off plates, dishes, and other things with newspaper, and use this for lighting the fire.

Many a cold has been prevented from developing by smelling camphor freely when the cold first comes on.

A damp wash-leather is the best duster. It takes up the dust and prevents it flying about, while furm is wiped with a damp leather always possesses a bright polish.

Put a piece of india-rubber hose on the sink tap and you will not chip the china when rinsing it.

If mustard is made with holling water with just a wee bit of salt added, it will not dry or get caked in the mustard pot.

After using a scrubbing brush, place it with the bristles downward, and it will last longer and bristles keep in better. Wash with cold water. One pound of meat to a quart of cold water is the correct proportion to use in making soup. It should be allowed to simmer in the pot slowly and be well skimmed.

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Iodine Stains—Wash with alcohol, then rinse in soapy water.

Hot Tea and Coffee Stains—Soak the stained fabric in cold water, wring, spread out, and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let stand for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Iron Rust—Soak the stain thoroughly with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, and wash with cold water in the sun.

Mildew—Soak in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours. Rinse in cold water.

Sewing-machine Oil Stains—Rub with lard, let stand for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Scorch Stains—Wet the scorched place, rub with soap, and bleach in the sun.

Soot Stains—Rub the spot with dry cornmeal before sending to the wash.

Fruit Stains—Stretch the fabric containing the stain over a basin, and pour boiling water on the stain. If the stain has been fixed, then soak the article in a weak solution of oxalic acid, or hold over the flame of a gas jet.

Pitch, Wheel Grease, Tar Stains—Soften the stains with lard, then soak in turpentine. Scrape off the loose pitch, scrub with turpentine, and rub with a clean cloth.

Vaseline Stains—Saturate the spot with ether, and turn a cup over it to prevent evaporation until the stain is removed, finding that some of them could read, I promised when next I passed to bring some books.

"On my return, journey the man saw me, and I called out to him: 'Come out to me: Have you brought the books about Jesus Christ?' The books were immediately forthcoming."

"The coolie who was walking with me inquired with great interest: 'What books are these?' I began to tell him the 'old, old story.' He listened in silence till I came to the Resurrection. He is living now," said M. He interrupted me with an eager exclamation: "Kya ab jin hai? (What is he living now, and as I went on to explain how we were living, he said: 'He is living because we speak to Him, and know that He hears and answers our prayers, again he burst in with, 'Would He hear mine?'"

WEST INDIES

COLONEL BULLARD VISITS PANAMA AND COSTA RICA

Large crowds assembled to hear Colonel Bullard at all the Corps in the West Indies. He was warmly welcomed, and his visit was a great success. He was accompanied by his wife and children, and they were all well received. He was in the West Indies for several days, and he was very popular. He was in the West Indies for several days, and he was very popular. He was in the West Indies for several days, and he was very popular.

Two Attitudes—Books About Jesus

"On one of my journeys," says an Officer of the Indian "War Cry," "feeling faint and weary, finding no shade on the road, and a much-needed stream (the only one for thirty miles) having dried up, a friendly woman allowed me to sit on a step leading up to her house and gave me some water to drink, or rather to make a cup of tea. Before it could be made the owner of the house, a well-dressed Zambidar, appeared and poured upon me a torrent of abuse for having defiled his house by coming so near it. Forlorn and discomfited I gathered up my things, and prepared to leave the place."

"Another man, seeing my distress, called me to his little domain, invited me to sit down under the shade of a bayonet, and told me to rest. He and his family stood round to watch with interested gaze, while I endeavored to explain something. I was leaving, finding that some of them could read, I promised when next I passed to bring some books."

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Since those memorable days the League has met many needs and has added to its roll, chiefly through the instrumentality of the sailors and soldiers themselves, an average of two hundred members per month. To-day there is not a force in the field where we are without a representative.

Our Leaguers are men of whom we can be proud, standing straight and true, as they are, on duty at the base, where there is so much to help them in the way of lulls and meetings, but far up the line in the trenches.

From Mesopotamia a man writes: "For us there are no week-ends; no Huts, no meetings; but spiritually we are all together. Our brave souls make me thankful that the League has enabled men to stand alone for Christ, yet not alone, for God is with them."

The Salvation Army Naval and Military League works as a chain. The name of every man who joins sons on to the Central Office and remains there. Having the necessary machinery, the Central Office can follow a man throughout his time in the service. When he returns, he comes on to the Reserve Roll, and in the event of war, back to the Active Roll. This system enables the League to keep in touch with hundreds of sailors and soldiers in all parts of the world.

This naturally involves a very extensive correspondence, and on an average two thousand letters are received and sent out per month.

What letters they are! A heart-broken prayer for a son who had been reported "wounded, missing." A request from a widower to find him a wife!

These jottings from the note-book of Lieut-Colonel Mary Murray, Secretary of the Naval and Military League enable the reader to form an idea of the varied nature of the good service rendered by this branch of The Salvation Army, which includes the working of the five English Naval and Military Homes; keeping in touch with Soldiers and Sailors (thousands) having no relatives; on an average, 2,000 letters; an Inquiry Section; Prisoners of War Section; Comforts Section, and Hospital Visitation Work.

When a man was declared dead and men held their breath at thought of the issues at stake, it is comforting to reflect that the men in the navy and army, there was a fine body of men determined to maintain the best traditions of The Salvation Army.

When the silent but mighty fleet started on its work of ceaseless vigil, on Dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, the other vessels, were our Leaguers in sight, who had learnt in our ranks to fight the good fight.

It was raining a steady, depressing drizzle, when for an hour I stood and watched the first English and German naval wounded carried ashore. The drizzle continued as we finally returned to the Naval and Military Home at Harwich, to find women waiting for news, for it was winter that there had been losses.

For me followed a strenuous period in France in the wake of the British Army. The work was the base, planning, scheming, and finally inaugurating Salvation Army Ambulance Work, which has rendered really magnificent service.

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THE WAR CRAY

Aug. 26, 1916

INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE

INDIAN VILLAGES Naval and Military League Work

TWO ATTITUDES—BOOKS ABOUT JESUS By LIEUT-COLONEL MARY MURRAY

These jottings from the note-book of Lieut-Colonel Mary Murray, Secretary of the Naval and Military League enable the reader to form an idea of the varied nature of the good service rendered by this branch of The Salvation Army, which includes the working of the five English Naval and Military Homes; keeping in touch with Soldiers and Sailors (thousands) having no relatives; on an average, 2,000 letters; an Inquiry Section; Prisoners of War Section; Comforts Section, and Hospital Visitation Work.

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WAR PRISONERS

MEETINGS CONDUCTED IN SWISS VILLAGES BY COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT

A very pleasant chance in my own way has been to run up to the various villages where the British prisoners of war are billeted (British Commissioner Oliphant).

During my visits to the sick, wounded, and paralyzed, I was requested on all sides to give them a week-end, and so, accompanied by Brigadier Jennings and Major Hauswirth, and the Vevey Band as well as a group of Songsters, we visited this lovely Alpine district.

The first stop was at Rissinette, which boasts of the biggest chateau in Switzerland, and a crowd of 130 Swiss. The village is a little diamond of beauty, set in a fresh and green pasturage. It was touching, and yet almost natural, to see the village people gathered round the Army flag and welcomed the wounded soldiers into their midst as comrades and brothers.

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INTERNATIONAL ITEMS

In one mail received at The Army Headquarters in Ottawa, there were thirty letters from Norway requesting that missing friends might be traced.

(Continued on Page 15)

## General Order

## HARVEST FESTIVAL

The Annual Harvest Festival Effort will take place throughout the Canada East Territory from Saturday, September 16th to Wednesday, September 20th.

After Saturday, August 26th, no special effort or demonstration for the raising of money (except on behalf of the Harvest Festival Fund) must take place in any Corps until the Campaign is closed. Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this General Order is observed.

W. J. RICHARDS,  
Commissioner.

## Gazette

Promotion:—  
Lieutenant Leonard Hunt, to be Captain.

W. J. RICHARDS,  
Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, New South Wales, Victoria, and Alaska, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 10 Albert St., Toronto.

## Keep the Fires Burning

The war draws on into its third year, still growing more horrible in the intensity and ferociousness of the fighting, and the deepening of international hatreds. The very immensity of the conflict staggers and perplexes mankind, and many are seeking from all manner of sources answers to the questions "Where are we in this?" "Is it Armageddon?" they ask. "Is it the last great war?" "Will the peace that follows be a lasting one?" "What do these tremendous events portend?"

That some people are getting hopelessly mixed up is evident from the reported declaration of a street corner preacher in Toronto. The Kaiser was referred to in the Bible, he said, being described as a king of short stature, with grey hair and a withered arm. His fate was prophesied likewise, for he would be sent to an island, where he would hang himself.

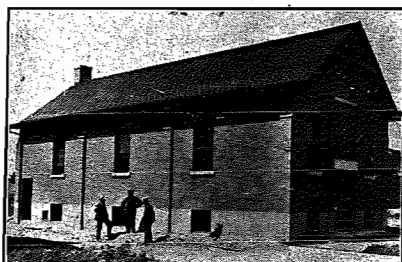
That the Bible does throw light upon present world conditions no one will deny, but it is a highly dangerous experiment to try to interpret its prophecies to fit in with our own ideas, and to teach men so simply leads us into a bewildering maze of foolish fancies. Let us stand clear of this rock, and humbly seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit in attempting to understand what God has said regarding His plans and purposes for this world. "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth," and He will show you things to come."

And undoubtedly the greatest lesson He would have us learn in times like these is not to be over-curious or fearful of what is going to happen in the future, but to keep the love of God burning brightly in our souls, so that we can comfort those that mourn, help the distressed, and lead souls into the light. A warning to God's people, which perhaps has special reference to these days, is contained in the verse: "And because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold."

The constant reading about deeds

(Concluded on Page 16)

## Winnipeg VIII. New Hall Opened by COMMISSIONER SOWTON



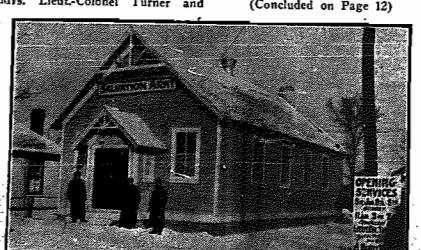
Hall of Winnipeg VIII., opened by Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton on August 6th. The Building was erected by Captain Leeson.

SOME years ago, with usual Salvation Army foresight, Headquarters purchased a lot which was then in a distant suburb of the city of Winnipeg, but, on account of the rapid growth of the city and the advance of its centre, this lot is now situated within three-quarters of a mile of the city's hub, and in the centre of a thickly-populated residential district.

On this lot a very suitable building has, for the past few months, been in the course of erection, and under the able direction of Captain Leeson, the builder, the work has been brought to a successful issue. The Captain has given the advantage of all his experience to make the building suitable for our purpose, and no detail has missed his thought, and down to such small things as hooks for a lantern sheet, the building is in every way complete. The accompanying picture very inadequately describes the building, with its stained windows, beautiful graining work, and splendid lighting system.

August 6th was the date fixed for the opening of the Hall, and Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton came for the purpose. They were supported by Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor, Territorial Headquarters Staff, other Officers, and the Citadel Boys' Band.

A fine crowd filled the Hall at 3.15 p.m., as the Commissioner rose to give the suitable opening song, "My Heart is Fixed, Eternal God," and Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Turner and



Winnipeg VII., opened last January. It will be seen that Canada West is making good progress in the way of building Halls.

Brigadier Taylor prayed God's richest blessing upon the opening.

Following the second song, the Divisional Commander extended a welcome to the audience and to the Commissioner, and, amid applause, the Commissioner rose to the rail. After a few explanations he dedicated the new Hall for the glory of God, the Salvation of souls, and the blessing of His people.

The Boys' Band well-played selection over, the Commissioner dedicated Captain and Mrs. Hal Beckett to the work of pioneering the new district, and, under the folds of the Army Flag, they stood as Mrs. Brigadier Taylor prayed for their success. The new Officers both gave a word of testimony, after which Captain Sowton soloed and taught the audience the chorus, "Jesus is Real to Me."

Mrs. Sowton gave a short address, and the Commissioner very well pictured from Acts 3 that we had to offer the neighbourhood what Peter and John had to offer the man at the Gate Beautiful.

A rousing open-air gave impetus to the night's meeting. The Hall was crowded, and many extra seats having been secured, some still had to stand, and the meeting was throbbing with inspiration. The attention of the crowd was marked, and as Mrs. Sowton read and spoke, one could see the faces of the audience moved by her telling words. Other speakers were Mrs. Colonel Turner and Major Dobney. The Commissioner then ably expounded the striking text of the Psalms which

(Concluded on Page 12)

## PERSONALIA

## TERRITORIAL

## CANADA EAST

Commissioner Mapp will not be leaving Canada for England now until August 31st, owing to an alteration in the sailing dates.

The Chief Secretary will conduct meetings at Lippincott on Sunday, August 27th. On the following Sunday he will lead the services at the Temple.

Brigadier Phillips, Assistant at the Toronto Training College, has been loaned to the Canada West Territory for a short period to inaugurate the Training, when there. The Brigadier and Mrs. Phillips will be leaving Toronto early in September.

A cable has been received from Colonel Gaskin, stating that he and Mrs. Gaskin have arrived safe and well in England.

Lieut-Colonel Rees conducted the wedding of Bandman Ford and Sister Gould at the Temple (Toronto) on Thursday, August 17th.

Brigadier Aaby will conduct the wedding of Captain Clayton, of the Editorial Department, and Miss McLean, of the Hamilton Rescue Home, at the Hamilton Citadel on Tuesday, August 29th.

We regret to hear that the father of Brigadier Bettine is seriously ill. The prayers of comrades are requested on his behalf.

Major Barr, of the St. John Division, was in Toronto on business this week.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Vallance conducted the meetings at Burwash Industrial Farm last Sunday, and on the day following visited Sturgeon Falls for the purpose of seeing the children placed with foster-parents by the Army.

Adjutant and Mrs. Tyndall were at Thornhill Industrial Farm on Sunday last, and were accompanied by Mrs. Captain Little at Mimico.

Mrs. Adjutant Church recently accompanied Sister Mrs. May, of the Toronto League of Mercy, to the Mercer Reformatory. A very touching and impressive service resulted in eight seeking Salvation.

Captain and Mrs. Carter, of Port de Grave, Nfld., welcomed a baby boy to their home on July 12th.

Captain Friesen, who was recently appointed to Bermuda, arrived there, we are sorry to hear, in a high fever. He is making a favourable recovery.

Lieutenant Dobson has been transferred to Canada West.

During Exhibition time in Toronto (Aug. 26th-Sept. 11th) special meetings will be held at all the city Corps. Visiting Salvationists are invited to take part in these.

## CANADA WEST

Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton are at present on a short tour in the East. Our readers are expected back early in September.

Word has been received that Lieut-Colonel Turner, the Territorial Secretary, had a splendid week-end with our Indian comrades at Port Essington, where he met not only the Indians of that village, but also comrades from Hecababak, Port Simpson, and other places. Adjutant Halpenny and Captain Leake are in charge of the Work at Port Essington during the fishing season.

It has been definitely decided by International Headquarters that Brigadier and Mrs. Phillips, from

(Concluded on Page 16)

## WELCOME TO NEW CHIEF SECRETARY

A MOST enthusiastic and hearty Canadian welcome was accorded Colonel and Mrs. McMillan at the Toronto Temple on Wednesday evening, August 16th, the Commissioner presiding over the gathering, supported by Headquarters Staff and representatives of the Divisions, Men's and Women's Social Work, and City Corps.

The new Chief Secretary and his wife made an excellent impression: walking right into the hearts of all comrades by their straightforward simplicity of manner and expression and their most evident sincerity of purpose. They are splendid types of the Colonial Salvationist; the Colonel, bluff, breezy, and humorous, yet transparently religious to the core; and his good wife a woman of kindly heart and deep feeling, with an ever-present consciousness of the reality of God's care and guidance for His children.

## Cordial Welcome Speeches

The welcome speeches from various comrades were full of the spirit of cordial good-will, mingled with strong desire for the further advance of The Army in Canada, as a result of the blessing of God upon the labours of our new Chief Secretary and his wife.

Lieut-Colonel Chandler and Mrs. Brigadier Bell led the gathering in prayer, fervently petitioning that the Spirit might be poured out and that all hearts might be stirred and blessed and strengthened for the fight against evil.

Ensign Weeks, of Toronto I, greeted the Colonel on behalf of the Field Officers and assured him of hearty co-operation in all plans for the further extension of God's Kingdom.

Major Barr, of the St. John Division, spoke of his early recollections of the Colonel. "I believe," he said, "that you will be a vast addition to the fighting forces of our Army in Canada, and this faith is built on several foundation facts. First, you were converted in Canada and trained for Army service in Canada. Then you went away to Australia and achieved distinction there by your Godliness, zeal, and ability. Anyone who can do that must have something in him, and I am confident that as you have made good in the great land of Australia, so you will continue to display the same qualities that make for success in Army service, and be an inspiration and help to the forces in Canada."

## Tribute From Old Friend

Brigadier Rawling was rich in reminiscences of his former acquaintance with the Chief Secretary and his subsequent meeting with him in England four years ago.

"Canadian Salvationists are always ready to welcome men and women who come to help us," he said. "We are in need of good men and women, and such, I believe, are Colonel and Mrs. McMillan, and I am glad to extend to them the hearty

## THE COMMISSIONER

Conducts Enthusiastic Gathering in the Toronto Temple — Representative Speakers Express Warm Sentiments of Canadian Salvationists

test of welcomes to the Land of the Maple Leaf."

The Local Officers and Soldiers had a representative speaker in the person of Treasurer Langdon, of the Temple Corps. "I hope your stay here will be successful," he said, "and that we may witness further advances in the building up and extension of The Salvation Army. To see The Army going forward in goodness and numbers is the earnest desire and ambition of its Local Officers and Soldiers."

Brigadier Bettbridge was loudly cheered as he rose to represent the Young People of Canada East. He extended a very hearty welcome to Colonel and Mrs. McMillan because they were of the same heavenly family, and he was sure of their sterling Salvationism. Said he, the Colonel was saved in The Salvation Army, sanctified in its ranks, and then called to be an Officer; therefore, he could not do other than pledge, on behalf of the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards and the Young People, confidence and co-operation, and he believed that God would make their united efforts successful. The Brigadier also extended a welcome to the Colonel's two daughters, and wished them, with their parents, good health, long life, and much happiness.

## A Vast Addition

The Editor, in a very happy vein, extended a welcome on behalf of the large circle of "War Cry" readers. "I believe," he said, "that you will be a vast addition to the fighting forces of our Army in Canada, and this faith is built on several foundation facts. First, you were converted in Canada and trained for Army service in Canada. Then you went away to Australia and achieved distinction there by your Godliness, zeal, and ability. Anyone who can do that must have something in him, and I am confident that as you have made good in the great land of Australia, so you will continue to display the same qualities that make for success in Army service, and be an inspiration and help to the forces in Canada."

The Commissioner had some very kind things to say about his new Chief Secretary. "I likened him to three persons in the Bible. The first was Onesiphorus, whom Paul commended for his kindly disposition. He had observed that Colonel McMillan possessed this attribute, as evidenced when he (the Commis-

sioner) had paid a visit to Australia some years ago.

Secondly, he could be likened to Joseph, who sought the God of his father at an early age. The Colonel had been converted when only thirteen. In the third place, he was like Hezekiah, in that whatever he put his hand to he did it with all his might and prospered.

"The Colonel," said the Commissioner, "an enthusiastic worker for the Salvation of the people, and I believe that he has come among us with a deep desire to help humanity."

## Linking the Dominions

He concluded with a graceful tribute to Mrs. McMillan, saying that he was glad the Colonel had an Australian for his wife, as it served to link together the two great Dominions in one-ness of spirit and purpose.

A spontaneous outburst of cheering greeted the Chief Secretary as he rose to speak.

"It was one of the greatest surprises of my life to receive an appointment to Toronto," he said. "I never aspired to such an honour, but I accept the appointment as from God, and thank Him for leading us this way."

"I might say that after we received orders to farewell, and before we knew where we were going, Mrs. McMillan and myself were willing to go to any part of The Army battlefield. We were very glad, however, when we learned that we were still to be stationed under the good old British flag."

He went on to speak of his early associations with Toronto, when he was one of a band of Cadets attached to the Temple Corps. "Twenty years is quite a bit out of a man's life," he said, "and during that time I have formed many new ideas and lost many old prejudices. I sincerely hope that I am a better man for it. In looking back over the past I can truly say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' I have no new story to tell, or any new Gospel to preach; but I have returned to this land with the old spirit of desperation in attacking sin and telling people that the Blood of Jesus Christ saves from all sin."

## Greetings from Australia

He brought the greetings of old Canadian comrades in Australia, and had good reports to tell of their go-

ings in that part of the world. He also expressed great delight at the tone of the welcome address given, and assured the audience that he would try to live up to the faith that Canadians had in The General and the Chief of the Staff, who had appointed him.

"It may mean a lot of hard and laborious work," he said, "but I prepared for it, in order that the Kingdom of God may be extended, and to verify the faith The General had in Mrs. McMillan and myself when appointing us to Canada."

## Impressions of Commissioners

He was pleased to be associated with Commissioner and Mrs. Richards, and referred to meeting the Commissioner in Australia. "The impression formed then still lingers, and was expressed in the words, 'My! don't he move quick?'" The decision had been verified when attending meetings conducted by the Commissioner, and observing the enthusiasm displayed, and the crowds of men and women that would line the Penitent Form. The Colonel closed his address by thanking the Commissioner and the Headquarters Staff for their kind sentiments, and hoped that much good would be accomplished by their united efforts.

Mrs. McMillan's first words were, "I am almost sorry that I am not in Canada, as they are such very nice people." Canada had been associated with her life in many ways. It was through reading the word "The way of the Cross is the way of life," written by the late Staff Captain Kinton, an old Canadian Officer, that had led her to decide to be an Officer, and the first male Officer she met from Canada had become her husband.

## Grateful and Confident

She felt a deep gratitude to God for His goodness to her, and, although, when leaving the shores of Australia, it seemed as though all that was dear was left behind, her confidence was in God, "Who had not failed in one of His good promises." Australians are not quite strangers, and great sorrow was manifested by Salvationists of this land when Canada passed through deep trial some two years ago. Her address was full of hope for the future, and her determination was to see the Kingdom of God advanced on every hand.

Mrs. Commissioner Richards then prayed that the rich blessing of God might rest upon the Colonel and his wife, and the Commissioner brought the meeting to a close by pronouncing the Benediction.

The Riverdale and Dovercourt Bands and the Dovercourt Songsters rendered selections during the meeting, and Brigadier Green sang a solo.

It was a blessed day, deeply spiritual, thoroughly enjoyable, with a west wind that cooled the atmosphere just a little too much. There





# On Tour in The Celebes

BY MAJOR W. J. RICHARDS

[The following is a private letter received from Major W. J. Richards, General Secretary for the Dutch East Indies, and eldest son of Commissioner Richards. He had taken a party of Native Colonists to a visit of light on the country and its conditions that we make no apology for reprinting it.—Editor.]

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

Meilweg, Bandoeng.

I was a day or two at the Colony without seeing anything of the officers, and, chafed the Officers accordingly, but at last fortune favoured us, and I saw fourteen white pigs in rapid succession and a huge monkey, the like of which I have never seen for size, colour, or strength. It was a huge, black monkey, and was having a fine feed upon the ripening maize, but, when we swarmed down upon it the brute calmly gathered an arm full of the crop, gripped a large piece of tree branch from the ground, stalked majestically up to the fence on the opposite side of the road, and with a demoniac grin on its face, disappeared with a flying leap into one of the glass trees.

Huge snakes are bountiful, and I was shown the skin of one recently killed on the Colony which measured three feet in length. It weighed 195 pounds and contained seventy-five eggs, and was in a starving condition, and had, however, tried to get one of the cows. The Colonists were glad that they, by the death of this monster, saved themselves from seventy-five similar ones at a later date. There are thirty-five head of cattle belonging to the Colony, and most of which are rebuilding, and a flourishing Corps and School.

The idea of the Colony is to bring the Java natives from the densely populated districts of Java to the thinly-populated districts of Celebes, so that they can become self-sufficient, farmers, etc. As soon as they have learnt thoroughly simple agricultural work, and have saved a little money, they are sent to build for them, and as much ground is cleared for their use as they can cultivate. If they are short of money, sufficient cloth is advanced so will allow a good start being made.

In return they have to repay the money. They have borrowed by instalments in proportion to the income made from their produce from the land, keep their money, and pay contribution to the satisfaction of the Director, and give one day's service per week to work on the Colony farms.

I visited twenty-five of these small holdings, and found a general air of contentment, prosperity, and a happy prevailing. Some day, I am so far succeeded as to own a horse and cart and four or five head of cattle, and to be free of debt, which, for a Javanese, is always a marvellous accomplishment.

The following Monday morning I was off to Bora, accompanied by the Adjutant Verreulhuus, with a horse and "bendie." A "bendie" looks more like a racing pig which is made into a horse, and is not anything else; but it is the only kind of horse vehicle that can be used between here and the coast; so we spent some time in the clearing of a couple of hours, a change from horse-back riding.

On arrival at Bora, there was a great crowd of natives, who sang us a not unmelodious song of welcome.

This is a hot, dry place, where the quivering heat of the sun is ever felt, while under your feet you feel the influence of the blazing volcanoes beneath.

There is no fresh water in the place; drinking water having to be carried in from the spring two miles away, but boiling hot sulphur water bubbles forth here and there. Officers tried to sink a well, but at two hundred feet the heat was so terrific that heat-exhaustion paralyzed the workers, and no more headway could be made, otherwise they might have succeeded in creating a new volcanic crater, which might have raised their fame, but would certainly have ended with their days.

In honour of the visit two or three of their warriors gave an exhibition of their war dances, but as they were somewhat slow and measured, I got tired, and, remembering something of some Zulu dance I had seen, I seized a spear and shield, and gave them three tremendous bounds in the air, accompanied by awe-inspiring shrieks, and sundry waving of spear and shield. The crowd cheered at intervals. I looked upon new and interesting sights.

"Captain," what means that large crowd of women coming up single file with baskets upon their heads?" said I.

"Captain," said he, "hundreds of people are already pouring in from the surrounding districts to the meeting-place for to-night's great gathering, and the Bora people are taking out all kinds of food to eat here, and to entertain them as hosts."

"Captain," what is that glistering in the sun? It appears to be moving down the mountainside. Slowly gathering, and it seems to be drawing nearer."

"Yes, Major; those are the men of the mountain tribes now coming to the great feast and meeting to-night."

"Feast? What do you mean, my friend? How can the men of the mountain, shuffling of feet and the sound of unknown tongues. The Captain dashes around, sizes two or three large fowls, and as he rushes through the door, yells out excuses for his unceremonious departure. He was followed by a motley crew of men, and a few women, who, with my inspection alone—Adjutant Verreulhuus having returned to Bandoeng—my inspection alone was done previously described.

Again and again my eyes wander to the array of glistening metal as it appears in the sun. It is slow and speed, but presently it reaches a lower level, and disappears from sight. My mind once more comes back to the crowd of natives, who before me, thus losing out of time.

Some commotion arouses me, and I quickly catch sight of a strange procession, headed by the Captain, who marches in the blazing equatorial sun, bareheaded, in coat, and with silver rollers, followed by solemn-faced natives bearing bottles of disinfectants and medicines. At the rear of the natives bore the Captain's helmet and the other his coat with a dignity becoming the bearers of sacred emblems of State borne in a royal eulogistic procession. The all looked and felt as though they had done their duty in some great deed, and were drinking, I thought, and how near the truth were those meditations.

It appears that sickness had suddenly appeared in Bora very early that morning, and it was feared that it was cholera. There is only one doctor—a military doctor—for the whole of Paloe Valley, and he was several miles away, so the only person to whom these natives can turn to at such a crisis is The Salvation Army Officer, and nobly do our devoted band of comrades plunge into the conflict with these deadly diseases in order that they may rescue the lives of their brown brothers, and later bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth and eternal life. Thus, this Captain, with the small band of natives that accompanied him, attended to five cases, of which two died, and before they could be put under treatment whilst he was there.

In the meantime I heard the tramp of a mailer, and, without waiting, caught the reflection of the sun from one hundred and fifty spears borne by the stalwart mountain men, who were feasting on the march since the previous evening. Each man was fully armed with sword, knife, and spear, and, proud and warlike, they had come to hear the Gospel of Peace and to take part in the great feast, spiritual and temporal, which was being prepared for them.

The ground surrounding the Officer's Quarters has lately been laid out as a garden, but without any plan to hide the nakedness of the land. On the ground, the softest earth of the prepared field in which to implant their weapons, thus making a veritable garden of spears. First of all, the red points in such a manner as to vividly remind one that it is less than twenty years since the whole country was ruled by the power of their spears and swords, before the white man had conquered them with cannon and shot.

First the headmen came solemnly into the house and were introduced to me by the Captain, and, after the introduction, they were given the instructions to their waiting followers. Presently up stalked various members of the tribe, stalwart men, dressed in their native fowls, eggs, sugar, pepper, tapioca, tropical fruits, including the ubiquitous banana and various other vegetables, until there was quite a large mound of the necessities of life given by these warm-weather natives.

The time for the meeting draws near; our armed friends assemble in their serried ranks and surround the Captain and myself. Away we march to the sonorous tones and the measured tread of our sturdy bodyguard to the trusting of the natives, who, by hand, and other natives lifting their voices in songs of our Redeemer's praise.

Who can describe that meeting? Certainly I cannot do it justice! The native Hall, built upon poles, was jammed—I felt the bamboo beams groan under the weight. The floor was packed with sweating, dark, but eager, mass of humanity,

What a catastrophe if the floor gave way! But this kind of a thing is to be relied upon; so all goes well. On every side great crowds pressed nearer to hear the Gospel, and the people from the surrounding districts were gathered together—the various chiefs, and on mats of honour sat the natives of the district, and the grunts of approbation to the Gospel truths, as they were made clear, were overwhelming. At the moments of prayer were the only quiet intervals throughout the night.

"At the final appeal as to who they could be mightiest, the whole of the night, men, women, and children—rose as one, whilst outside could be heard the crash of arms as they joined in the great shout, "We will follow Jesus!" "We will become Christians!"

Words fail me to give any idea of the wonderful thrill that passed through my own soul—yea, that passed through every soul that was present at that most memorable moment. It reminded me of the Biblical account of that great night when the children of Israel cried out in answer to the sacrificial fire that fell upon Elijah's altar and consumed the offering: "The Lord He is God; the Lord He is God!"

The meeting closed. I retired for a little refreshment. Great processions, even in bigger numbers than in the morning, were bringing in the mailers from the surrounding town of Bora for the great feast to commemorate the occasion, and when I returned to the scene of the feast, and the next morning we were being offered up to the Lord before a start was made upon the good things before them. The crowd, however, apparently, was not first, as they attacked the native viands in relays; the sisters coming last.

In the meantime the sisters, probably having been wise enough to get a little food before the meeting, had left the feast, and, without waiting, caught the reflection of the sun from one hundred and fifty spears borne by the stalwart mountain men, who were feasting on the march since the previous evening. Each man was fully armed with sword, knife, and spear, and, proud and warlike, they had come to hear the Gospel of Peace and to take part in the great feast, spiritual and temporal, which was being prepared for them.

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Who can describe that meeting? Certainly I cannot do it justice! The native Hall, built upon poles, was jammed—I felt the bamboo beams groan under the weight. The floor was packed with sweating, dark, but eager, mass of humanity, and the usual practice is to confine everybody for five days in quarantine, and as they are discovered in a holera-stricken place, I felt it was time to go.

My work was done, so, upon the Captain's return, I gave him his final instructions, and then, as he was not wanting to go into quarantine, and thus delay my return to Java, I mentioned my steel, and at the aforementioned time, I left the place, on one end of the place, the Ensign and myself were dashing out the other end, and at great speed, eventually arriving at my destination after a journey about two o'clock.

My inspection work and meeting in the school in the Sabit district was much on the lines of that already described, so I will only mention that at this point I found everything in splendid order.

Now my task in Celebes is completed. I turn towards my home in Java once more. The journey over the hills to the Ensign Jensen and I say good-bye to his good wife, who has been so kind and courteous during the preceding two days; there is no moon; my trees glistening in the distance with frost; the blunted Christmas trees. Soon the road is a mere rugged waterway, but on we splash, never leaving water, until a drenching splash reminds us to take care.

The darkness increases. Ensign Jensen, speaking about his failing eyesight, says that it was now getting so bad that he never saw daylight until he was in the middle of it. Now we have reached a more level piece of ground, so we are riding ahead full speed, and my only guide in the darkness is the faintest glimpse of the Ensign's white coat.

Suddenly there is a yell; next moment I kind of instinctively discern a plunging horse and white figure wildly galloping in the darkness. Instantly I swing my horse round to give my colleague more room; but the next moment I am myself in the centre of a herd of buffaloes, wildly crashing past; some fortunately in terror plunging into the ricefields to the right, and left of us, to the accompaniment of ear-splitting yells and the cutting of our whips, in such a manner as would not do much to give credit to a Western Canadian cowpuncher.

While fighting my way through, Ensign Jensen in the darkness yells out: "I'm through all right; where are you? One buffalo horn caught me on the leg, but I am alive and sound, thank God I am!"

Ultimately I said good-bye to Ensign Jensen and Celebes, boarded the sister ship, and, after a long journey, and had a most pleasant journey back to Java than the one out, and found a warm welcome awaited me in Bandoeng. The next day God for His great protecting interest during a tour of visit, and I returned home, and my wife ever affectionately.—W. J. R.

## A FACTOR IN SELF-RESPECT

You cannot keep your self-respect and be useless. Unless you are doing your share of the world's work in any way or another you cannot feel that you are doing the air you breathe or to the sunshine that falls across your path. Home work is the sort of one of the things manhood and womanhood.

eminent authorities were coming to find out the nature of the outbreak, and as the usual practice is to confine everybody for five days in quarantine, and as they are discovered in a holera-stricken place, I felt it was time to go.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY

Sister Mrs. Cosway, Lippincott Sister Mrs. Cosway, wife of Brother Cosway, who was at one time handmaiden, has gone home to her reward, after many months of suffering, patiently borne.

She was an old-time Salvationist, having been converted in 1880 at Bristol Circus. Twenty years she was an Officer. Eleven years she came, with her husband and children, to the United States, and they have been Soldiers of the Lippincott Street (Toronto) Corps ever since.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Owen at the house and at the graveside in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. A number of Officers and Soldiers were present.

A memorial service was held on Sunday night, Aug. 13th, when a large crowd gathered. Major Turner prayed for the bereaved ones, and the Rev. Owen sang pathetically "The Home Land."

Lovely little meetings are held in the grove each Sunday, which are increasing in numbers each Sabbath. This morning was very windy, so the Commissioner was compelled to postpone the service, which was thought was a pity, as it made speaking difficult.

But the Commissioner got through, and the people were blessed and everybody happy.

But Shadow heard many remarks about the Bible-reading and prayer at the end of each meal. It is a great soul-refreshing, was the statement of one.

The new grove, Church, Hall, or whatever the visitors are inclined to call it, was dedicated this morning by the Commissioner, with prayer and song. The platform, with its rustic front, looks very characteristic of the place.

Old Ben, the Indian Salvationist, is going to make two rustic chairs for the leader of the meeting and his wife, or helper. Well done, Ben!

Mr. Editor, Shadow hears that you are now luxuriating in the delights of the Simcoe Lake Paradise.

Did you join in the excitement, shouting over your handkerchief, and generally making a good confusion when the special car containing the Life-Saving Guards arrived?

But what of the Life-Saving Guards who are waiting to board the car? Are they all over their cheerful regret; sadness; and a certain reluctance to leave a just cheer awakes, however, a lusty cheer as they catch sight of the overflowing carload of Guards.

Sister A. Snegrows, Exploits

It is with great sorrow we have to report the death of Sister Mary, Last November Ensign Stiekland carried our comrade, and she, with her husband, were gone. A large crowd attended the funeral service, which was solemn and impressive. At the memorial service one soul sought Christ. We are deeply sympathetic with the relatives.

## SHADOWGRAPHS

(Continued from Page 11)

development of the camp meeting facilities, and all are enthused with the idea of "doing their bit." Lieutenant Harvare, with his assistants, is to make a picturesque rustic arch to span the chief avenue to the grove where the meetings are held.

Brigadier Morris and Major McGilivray have promised to help with the crosscut saw, so they have undertaken, with other willing help, to dig log seats for the grove auditorium.

Adjutant Cornish takes the high position of superintendent, with Major Atwell assisting him. As he is expected, by length of time and vigorous action, to be an example to the rest.

The Shadow was told that Captains Beer and Dray gave notice that they would not take second place to anyone for hard work in the grove. The Commissioner said enough of that place for spiritual work.

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seating the Grove Temple." This camp is composed of Lieutenant-Colonel Harvare, Major McGilivray, Adjutant Cornish, Captain Beer, and Brother Goodier.

Lieut.-Colonel Bond, with Captain Dray and Lieutenant Webber, are engaged in making a rustic entrance, as it is intended that all needed for the children, Guards and Scouts, and Officers, shall be grown on the premises.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have given your readers all I possibly can gather of the proceedings at this camp. I am sure that the Commissioner has already made a marked impression and were it not for the strict order of the Commissioner that I have laid out this place for spiritual work, would like to continue.

The Commissioner spent much time arranging for improvement and the preparation of the land for the next year's crop of vegetables, as it is intended that all needed for the children, Guards and Scouts, and Officers, shall be grown on the premises.

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## NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE WORK

(Continued from Page 7)

led into the light through two of your Leaguers, who are prisoners here."

The third tray is labelled "Comforts." As far as my funds have allowed, I have tried ever since the war started to supply the needs. Such quaint needs they often are. "A reefer," "A month's supply of soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, razors, stationery, many Bibles, Testaments, and hymn books have been sent."

It means much to a man to be able to get these things, and it is very encouraging to note the way the Leaguers, even when under fire, insist on sending such things to the work.

The fourth basket, marked "Homes," brings before me the five flourishing English Naval and Military Leagues. In addition to these we have nine Homes arise before me. A queue of men waiting to book beds, and a queue of men waiting to hear "Full Up!" Crowded refreshment bars, reading rooms, with a where in full swing, quiet rooms where men write letters, while others are sound asleep on sofa or floor. The Leaguers have found their way. During one month we have had 12,602 Service men sleeping in six months, 17,200 in five months.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the value to a sailor of a comfortable home. A man told me once they were the best for Service men, because, he said, "Men have good food, civility, and a comfortable home. The fact that they are always full speaks louder than any words of the way they meet the needs. The fact that they are always full speaks louder than any words of the way they meet the needs. The fact that they are always full speaks louder than any words of the way they meet the needs."

The League, unlike purely local efforts for the Service men, touches all the ranks of the army, the navy, and helps the men who are members to win and link up others for the service of God.



## COMING EVENTS

## Looking For You

One Dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of Photographs, \$2 extra.

Officers, Soldiers, and Friends are requested to assist us by looking up the names through the Missing Columns, and to notify Colonel Jacobs, if able to give information concerning any case, always stating a number of name.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 10957, Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 42, fair complexion, bald, tattooed on both arms; last heard of Jan. 15, 1912, at Deloro Mining Co., Ontario; was formerly a stoker on H.M.S. "Orlando"; when writing last said he was mining in the Cobalt mines.

JAMES RUSSELL, alias RIGOITT, 189889. Left England for Australia in 1854. Fireman and brazier by trade. Last heard of in Sydney, N.S.W. Relatives anxious for news of him or his family.

EDWARD HOR



WOOD, 1943. King  
lish, aged 39  
height 5 ft. 5 in.  
in, slight brown  
hair, blue green  
eyes, fair complexion.  
tion. Left his home  
in October, 1938.  
Was last heard of  
in April, 1932; was  
then said to be living  
in Rons St.  
Toronto. Was a  
railway signalman  
in England. (See  
photo.)

## (Continued from Page 8)

**GEORGE HARRY MEADOW.** No. 10996. Age 29. Late of Newcastle, Staffordshire, England. Left England eight years ago. Last heard from in Montreal three years ago. A builder by trade. Brother very anxious for news.

**CHARLES GILBERT SYKES.** No. 10912. Age 32. Height 5 ft. 2 in. Dark brown hair, grey eyes, pale complexion. English nationality. Engineer by trade. Last heard from in May, 1915. Mother very anxious for news.

ROGER ORANT AND WIFE. No. 10918. Roger Grant, Canadian, age 2; weight 150 lbs., medium fair complexion; light brown hair, grey eyes, occupation stationary fireman. Missing since July 1935.

ERNEST MANTAGU WATSON. N.  
10954. Age 18, height about 5 ft. 8 in  
light hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion  
Last heard of in June, 1915.

ELLEN (or Nellie) SHANNON. N. 10955. Age 21, height about 5 ft., brown hair, grey eyes, complexion fairly fresh. British. Was a domestic servant. Mother anxious for news.

CHARLES HENRY SAUNDER  
No. 10197—Came to Canada in May, 191  
Was last heard from in May, 1914. A  
22, height 5 ft. 10 in., black hair, haz

**HARRY TUCKER.** No. 16896—Dark complexion, brown eyes, dark hair, medium.

on left cheek, height 5 ft. 3 in., age 2  
generally works in bush in winter and  
in mill in summer. Last heard from  
Saginaw, Mich., U.S.A.

light complexion, blue eyes, age 51. He went to British Columbia six years ago. His brother is sick in the General Hospital, Toronto, anxiously enquiring.

FLASHES FROM  
NIAGARA CAM

(Continued from Page 6)

classes of people The Army has brought to Canada.) Seated in our Recreation Room, we learned a little

Dido—August 31.  
Carbonear.—September 1.  
Bay Roberts.—September 2-3.  
(Accompanied by Brigadier Green  
and the Divisional Commander.)  
All Guards and Scouts are expected  
to be present at these meetings in  
full uniform.

**LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. CHANDLER**—Collingwood, Aug. 26-27; Dunnville, Sept. 2-3; Brantford, Sept. 16-18.

**BRIG. ADBY** — Lippincott, Aug. 27; Hamilton I., Aug. 29; Dover-

Fredericton, Sept. 5; St. John.  
Sept. 6-7; Sussex, Sept. 8; Mon-  
ton, Sept. 9-10; Amherst, Sept. 11;

**MAJOR MOORE**—Brampton, Aug. 26-27.

**MAJOR CRICHTON** — **Picton,**  
Aug. 26-28; **New Glasgow, Sept.**  
2-4

Vernon—September 23-24.  
Nelson—September 27.  
Fernie—September 29.  
(Mrs. Sowton will accompany)

LIEUT.-COL. TURNER  
(Territorial Secretary)

Winnipeg.—August 26.  
Port Arthur.—September 3.  
Brandon.—September 17.  
Bartage la Prairie.—September 24.

KEEP THE FIRES BURNING

(Continued from Page 8)

dency to make people callous, and to  
 divert their minds from spiritual  
 warfare. The enemy of souls, we  
 may be sure, is taking full advan-  
 tage of this. What a need, then, for  
 increased watchfulness and prayer.  
 At least our hearts should be hardened  
 by the deceitfulness of sin, and we  
 should be turned away from this  
 great task God has set his people-  
 the saving of the world.

We must not let the enemy take our trenches thus, or the next thing that will happen will be a sinking into a Laodicean state of thinking: we are all right, when we are all wrong. What happens then is described in Revelation 3:16. Let us then, be on our guard, keeping the home fires of love, faith, and zeal burning brightly on the altars of our hearts. Then we shall realize, as the poet says:—

"This world is full of beauty,  
As other worlds above;  
And, if we did our duty,  
It might be full of love."